

THE THROES OF SCIENCE.

A California Narrative. BY F. BRETT HARTE. I reside at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James; I am not up to small deceit or any sinful games; And I'll tell in simple language what I know about the row That broke up our society upon the Stanislaus. But first I would remark that it's not a proper plan For any scientific gent to whale his fellow-man; And if a member don't agree with his peculiar whim, To lay for that same member for to 'put a head' on him. Now nothing could be finer or more beautiful to see, Than the first six months' proceedings of that same society; Till Brown of Calaveras brought a lot of fossil bones. That he found within the tunnel near the tenement of Jones. Then Brown he read a paper, and he recon-structed there From these same bones, an animal that was extremely rare; And Jones then asked the Chair for a suspension of the rules Till he could prove that these same bones were some of his lost mules. Then Brown he smiled a bitter smile, and said his greatest fault Was that he had been trespassing on Jones' family vault. He was the most sarcastic man, this quiet Mr. Brown, And on several occasions he had cleaned out the town. Now I hold it is not decent for a scientific gent To say another is an ass—at least, to all intent; Nor should the individual who happens to be meant Reply by heaving rocks at him to any great extent. Then Abner Dean of Angeles raised a point of order, when A chunk of old red sandstone took him in the abdomen; And he smiled a sort of sickly smile, and cued up the floor, And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more. Then, in less than I can write it, every member did engage In a warfare with the remnants of a paleozoic age; And the way they heaved those fossils, in their anger, was a sin, And the skull of an old monarch caved the head of Thompson in. And this is all I have to say of these im-proper games, For I live at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James; And I've told in simple language what I know about the row That broke up our society upon the Stanislaus.

EMBALMING.

Tarchiani and Billi's Method. A correspondent of a London paper says:—The experiments which have recently been made in Italy for the purpose of discovering a method by which animal substances might be embalmed or retained to a stony consistence by which they might be preserved from natural decay for an indefinite period, have not been confined to Professor Abbate, in Southern Italy; for Messrs. Tarchiani & Billi, of Florence, have also succeeded in imparting a stony consistence to portions of the human viscera, such, for example, as the heart, lungs, liver, and kidneys. These objects have very much the appearance as well as the hardness of the well-known preparations of Segato, which are to be seen at the Hospital of Santa Maria Nuova, in Florence. The method by which this result was attained, it will be remembered, was lost to science at the death of the discoverer, in price and the secret of his application; the same both were also informed, will serve to prepare many objects, and can be kept for a long period without deteriorating or losing any of its original strength. Tarchiani having so far succeeded in petrifying animal substances, which process might be applied to the preservation of anatomical preparations, as well as to objects of natural history, has endeavored to apply his system to the preservation of meat and poultry, with a view to its application in South America. Several pounds of raw beef were placed in a box containing the antiseptic agent in the month of August, 1869; the box was then closed, and sealed upon it in the presence of several witnesses; these same parties were present at the opening of the box in the month of February, 1870 (the seals having been examined to ascertain that they had not been tampered with); the meat was then found to be perfectly free from smell, and was considered to be sound; it was then roasted and eaten by many persons present, and was considered to have acquired a taste as if it had been placed in a strong solution of salt, although not in any manner presenting the appearance that beef acquires when it has remained for some time in pickle; the color was natural, and the beef entirely free from any odor; the fat had been particularly well preserved; in fact, the beef was considered to be far superior to any meat that might have been placed for the same period (six months) in brine. This first experiment, however satisfactory it may have appeared to be, as a first essay, was not considered sufficiently conclusive by the members of the committee appointed to examine into the merits of the process, to warrant any report being drawn up for presentation to the Italian Government; consequently a second trial was demanded, and on the 20th of February, 1870, twenty to thirty pounds of raw meat were placed in a box, which was then closed, and sealed by the members of the committee in the presence of many witnesses; the box was then deposited in safe keeping, to be opened on the 20th of May, 1870, in the presence of the parties who have affixed their seals, when a careful examination of the contents will take place, and a correct report will be made to the Italian Government as to the value of Messrs. Tarchiani and Billi's process.

Fulton's First Steam Voyage.

The following reminiscence of Fulton's first steam voyage, and the reception of the passage money, was communicated to the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser by R. W. Haskins. Some years since I formed a travelling acquaintance upon a steambark on the Hudson river with a gentleman who, on that occasion, related to me some incidents of the first voyage of Fulton to Albany, in his steambark the Clermont, which I never met with elsewhere. The gentleman's name I have now lost, but I urged him at the time to publish what he related, which, however, so far as I know, he never has done:—"I chanced," said my narrator, "to be at Albany on business when Fulton arrived there in his unheard-of craft, which everybody felt so much interest in seeing. Being ready to leave, and hearing that this craft was to return to New York, I repaired on board, and inquired for Mr. Fulton. I was referred to the cabin, and there found a plain, gentlemanly man wholly alone, and engaged in writing. "Mr. Fulton, I presume." "Yes, sir." "Do you return to New York with this boat?" "We shall try to get back, sir." "Can I have a passage down?" "You can take your chance with us, sir." I inquired the amount to be paid, and, after a moment's hesitation, a sum, I think six dollars, was named. The amount, in coin, I laid in his open hand, and, with an eye fixed upon it, he remained so long motionless that I supposed there might be a miscount, and I said to him, "Is that right, sir?" "This roused him as from a kind of reverie, and as he looked up at me a tear was trembling in his eye, and his voice faltered as he said, "Excuse me, sir, but memory was busy as I contemplated this, the first pecuniary reward I have ever received for all my exertions in adapting steam to navigation. I would gladly commemorate the occasion over a bottle of wine with you, but really I am too poor even for that just now; yet I trust we may meet again when this will not be so." Some four years after this, when the Clermont had been greatly improved, and two new boats made, making Fulton's fleet three boats regularly plying between New York and Albany, I took passage in one of these for the latter city. The cabin in that day was below, and as I walked its length to and fro, I saw I was very closely observed by one I supposed a stranger. Soon, however, I recalled the features of Mr. Fulton; but without disclosing this I continued my walk and waited the result. At length, in passing his seat, our eyes met, when he sprang to his feet, and, eagerly seizing my hand, exclaimed, "I knew it must be you, for your features have never escaped me, and although I am still far from rich, yet I may venture that bottle now."

It was ordered, and during its discussion Mr. Fulton ran rapidly but vividly over his experience of the world's coldness and sneers, and of the hopes, fears, disappointments, and humiliations that were scattered through the whole career of discovery, up to the very point of its final crowning triumph, at which he so fully felt he had at last arrived. "And in reviewing all these," said he, "I have again and again recalled the occasion and the incident of our first interview at Albany; and never have I done so without its renewing in my mind the vivid emotion it originally caused. That seemed, and still does seem, to me the turning point in my destiny—the dividing line between light and darkness in my career upon earth; for it was the first actual recognition of my usefulness to my fellow-men."

George Sand on Eugenie.

George Sand's new romance, "Malgrout," now running in a Paris journal, has one character whom all Paris declares to be Eugenie. It is on this account, the picture being somewhat flattering, that the Empress proposes Mme. Dudevant for the vacant Academy chair. Here is the autobiographical soliloquy of the character:—"I mean to marry a man rich, young, and handsome, who shall be madly in love with me. He must ever remain subject to my whims, and he must bear with honor an illustrious name. He must, moreover, possess power; he must be a king, an emperor, or at least an heir presumptive or a reigning prince. All my care will be directed henceforward to find him out, and when I have discovered him I am sure to take possession of him, for my education is now complete. I have no fear of being captivated myself, for I have now acquired all that was wanting in my early teaching. I have studied; I possess erudition and political science; I know the histories of dynasties and peoples; I know the secrets of diplomacy and all the intrigues of every sort of ambition. I know all the men of note, all the women of power in the past and in the present. I have taken the exact measure of all of them, and fear none. The day will come when I can be as useful to a sovereign as I could be to-day to a woman who might ask my advice about her dress. I seem to attach great importance to trifles, but people little guess what serious thoughts occupy my mind; they will know it later, when I am a queen, a czarina, a grand duchess. "Lastly, I intend, after having played a brilliant part in the world, to live forever in history. I will not disappear, like any common actress, at the same time as my youth and my beauty; I will wear a crown on my white hair. A woman is always beautiful who can dazzle men with the splendor of a crown. I am eager for great struggles or great perils; even the scaffold has a strange fascination for me. I will never accept exile; I will never resort to flight; I will never be caught or brought back on the road of Varennes; I will not lose my senses in the midst of disasters; I will have the most tragic destiny, and fight face to face with the popular lion; I will not quail before him, and more than once I will chain him at my feet. If, after all, the populace grows angry, if it wears, it may carry my head on a pike. So be it! That it will be the day of supreme splendor, and my pale head, doubly crowned by martyrdom, will remain forever stamped in the memory of mankind."

Mode of Cooking Men.

In giving an account of the eating of a French soldier by cannibals, the London News says:—"If any one of us looks forward to being eaten by cannibals, he may wish to be formed how he is likely to be cooked. It is a comfort to know that the savages who may devour him are by no means devoid of refinement in culinary disposition. Some French soldiers were recently taken prisoners by the Kanaks, and one of them was killed and eaten. His comrades describe the process. The Kanaks first decapitate their victim; a matter of no small difficulty, considering the bluntness of their hatchets. Ten to fifteen blows are necessary. The body is then hung up to a tree by the feet, and the blood allowed to run out for an hour or two. Meanwhile a hole a yard and a

half deep and a yard wide is dug in the ground. The hole is lined with stones, and then in the midst of them a great fire is lit. When the wood is burned down a little and glows with heat it is covered with more stones. The man is then cleaned out and divided into pieces about a foot long, the hands and feet being thrown away as worthless. The pieces of the man are placed on the leaves of a large rose tree peculiar to the tropics. The meat is surrounded with coconuts, banana, and some other plants noted for their delicious flavor. The whole is tied together firmly; the fire is then removed from the pit, the meat is placed among the hot stones, and thus, carefully covered, is left to cook for an hour. Women don't partake of the warriors' feast. Men alone are permitted to enjoy so great an honor and so rare a delicacy.

"Horrible! Most Horrible!"

The following strange story about Boston comes to us from the other side of the Atlantic. We never heard it before, but then many queer things happen in Boston that we never hear of, and we give this curious affair as we find it narrated in the Pall Mall Gazette without vouching for its correctness. The Gazette says:—

One of our contemporaries has been made very, and we think unnecessarily, uncomfortable by a strange story, which, it says, has come to it from Boston, Massachusetts. A young lady in that town, being refused by her parents permission to go to a ball with her lover, was ill-advised enough to say that she would "go with the Devil himself." Unfortunately she was taken at her word. Some one, supposed to be the Devil, but disguised as her lover, accompanied her to the entertainment, danced with her, took her to supper, escorted her home, and gave her a small pearl-handled penknife, telling her whenever she used it to think of him. All this time her real lover was fast asleep in bed, and this fact, when brought to her knowledge, affected her so profoundly that she destroyed herself with the little knife which had come from the Devil's waistcoat pocket. Our contemporary says it can hardly tell to make of the story, but it has "no reason to believe it is a pure fiction." Whether it is true or not, it will or ought to make young ladies in future more cautious in their language; nor is it half so strange or horrible as an event which is stated to have occurred at a country ball in England a few years ago, which we have "no reason to believe" is a pure fiction. A young lady being blamed by her mother for refusing to dance with a gentleman possessing vast wealth, but who was personally disagreeable to her, remarked that "she would as soon dance with the Devil." She had hardly uttered the words when a gentleman clothed in black stood before her and offered her his arm. With a reproachful glance at her mother, which the latter never forgot, she accepted the invitation of the stranger, with whom she commenced to waltz. The other couples, by some strange instinct, ceased dancing, and all eyes in the room were turned on the young lady and her mysterious partner as faster and faster they whirled to the sound of the music—still faster—until they almost became invisible in their mad career. Then came a noise like a clap of thunder, a sulphurous smell; the gentleman in black was missing, and the young lady lay dead on the floor. What to make of this story we can hardly tell; indeed, we have some scruple about telling it at all, for fear it should make our contemporary even more nervous than the strange story which has come to it from Boston.

How They Punish Rebels in Japan.

A letter from Yokohama, Japan, states:—On the 9th of September nine Japanese rebels were executed, eight of them by being beheaded with the sword, and the leader by crucifixion. This last was a tall man, exceedingly pallid, looking more like a ghost than a living man. He was bound to a cross, with his legs spread far apart, and between them was placed a stick of wood, on which the body had a terrible support. A cord round the neck tied the body to the cross, and the upper and forearms were also bound tightly to it. This being done, he remained hanging for half an hour, during which he was obliged to witness the beheading of his eight companions, one after the other. After beholding the scene, and the washing and combing of the heads, which were struck upon poles, he was pierced in the side with a spear, so that a large stream of blood flowed from the wound. His countenance became horribly distorted, and shortly after he received another thrust in the other side. He bit into the rope around his neck in the agony of his suffering, and died in this position at last. Just before he drew his last breath he was pierced again in the bowels with a hook lance, and the intestines drawn out. You cannot imagine the horrible spectacle and the fearful contortions of the whole body. It seemed as if I received the thrust myself. He was left hanging there the whole day, as a warning example to everybody. The Japanese look upon all this with the greatest indifference.

Coxfax and Mrs. McFarland.

The first man that McFarland became jealous of was not Albert D. Richardson. Richardson was, undoubtedly, after apprehension to him. The first was one who became an object of suspicion to the husband in this wise:—Mrs. Sinclair playfully told McFarland one spring evening in 1866 that Abby had run round to her house, and had had a long goodby at the door to a gentleman, and that Abby had told her that she wouldn't have Dan know it for the world, because that gentleman was very fond of her. Mrs. Sinclair told Mr. McFarland to look out—told him so in play. He did look out in earnest, and found that gentleman to be Speaker Coxfax, now Vice-President of the United States, in whose Indiana home last year Mrs. McFarland remained while she was prosecuting her Western wild-cat divorce. It is not believed, however, by any one properly acquainted with Mr. Coxfax, that there ever was anything between him and Mrs. McFarland. Such sins are not Coxfax's sins. By coldness, if not by character, he is continent, and he was merely made much of by a woman who was rapidly expanding to the powers of admiration from distinguished men. That was all there was of it.—Brooklyn Eagle.

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